

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHAT-PIE—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8 1950

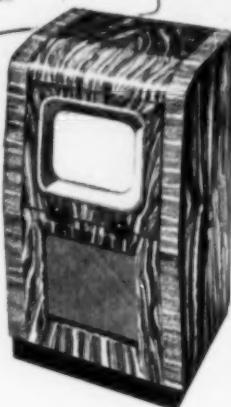
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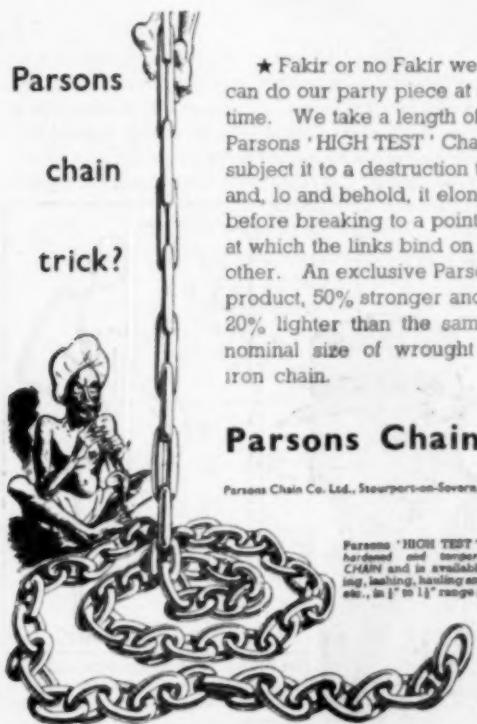


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Bad for one's pride and not so good for health either, all
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. Well, at my time of life a bit of help is called for,
don't you think? A LINIA BELT, you say? You couldn't
be righter! I've come to the same conclusion myself.

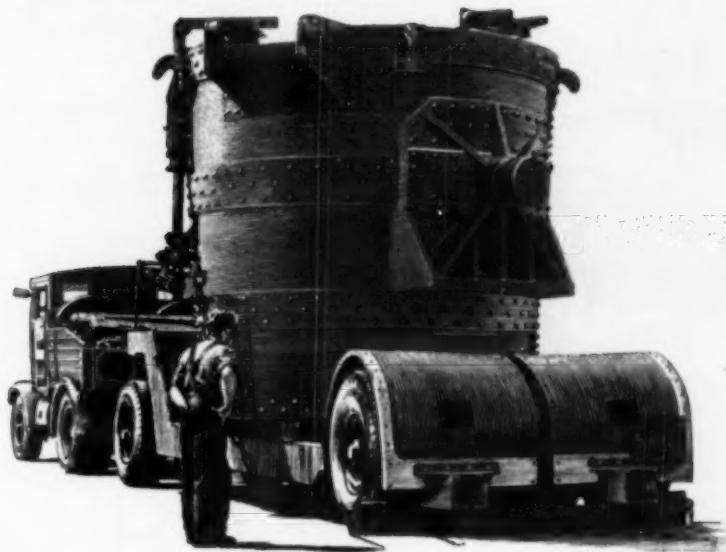


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generation by generation within the stable Thorncliffe community, which accounts in large measure for the unremitting quality found in everything Newton Chambers produce.

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The possession of a Wolseley "Six Eighty" is as eloquent of standing as the shield before a pavilion at The Cloth of Gold. For one can feel a pardonable pride on stepping into this handsome car whose comfort is instanced by innumerable luxury features — a faithful attendant of unfailing reliability.

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20 for 3/10

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A250



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What are they talking about?

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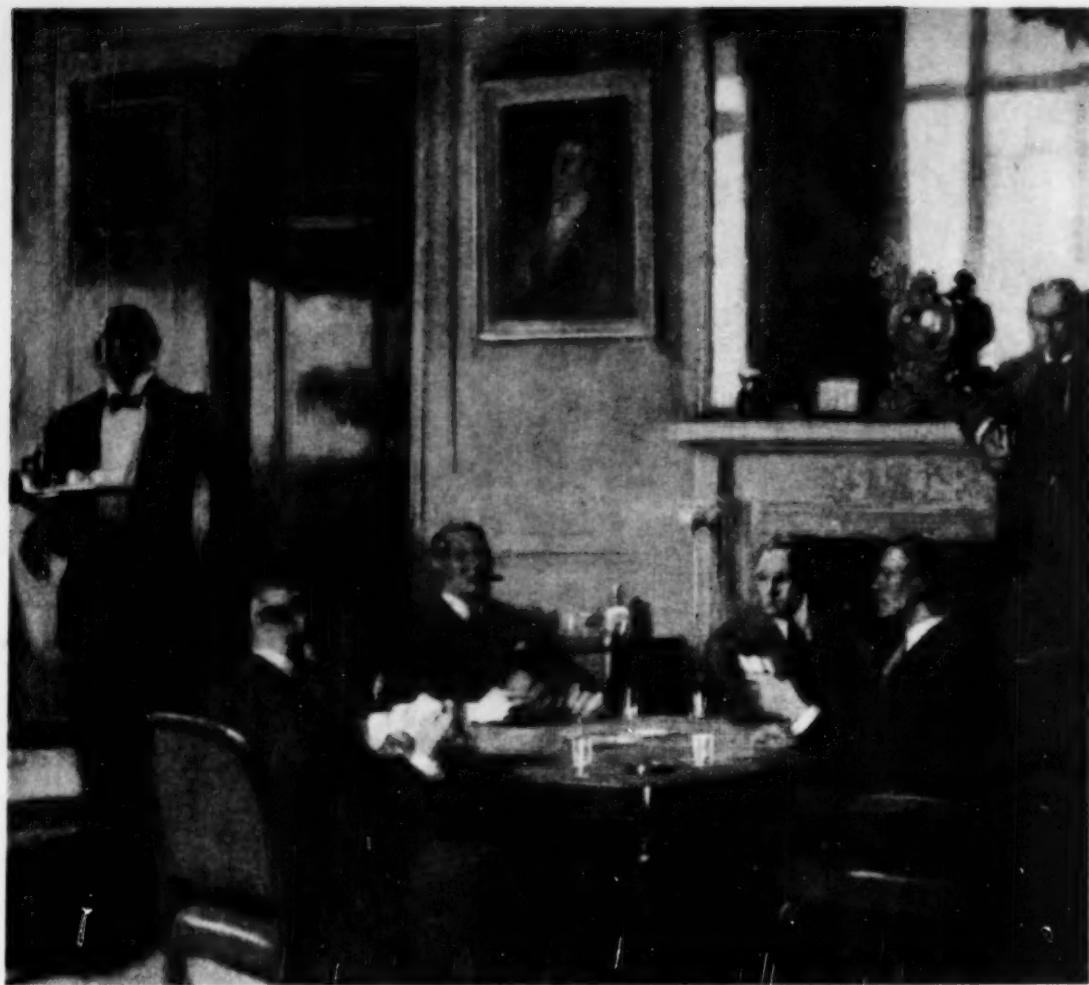
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IN the older clubs of London, tradition prints the pattern of life and the honoured past is present.

A man likes to know that his White Horse Whisky is identical in bouquet and flavour with the White Horse Whisky his father drank, and before that his grandfather and great grandfather. He likes the mere thought

that it comes to him on the very same Georgian salver. He sits in the very same chair. He believes it the business of clubs, friends and drinks to be what they always were. White Horse believes so, too.

WHITE HORSE *Scotch Whisky*



MAXIMUM PRICES: Bottles 33/4, 1-Bottles 17/5, 1-Bottles 9/1, Miniature Bottles 3/6 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

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the chamber, galleries
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Punch, November 8 1950



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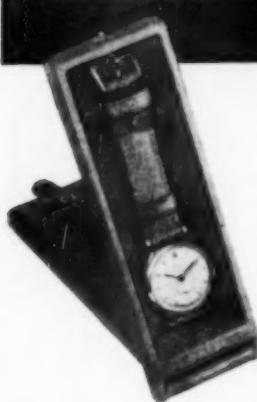
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ESCAPE TO THE PAST

Birds of a Feather

ONE day, at Avignon in France, towards the end of the nineteenth century, a magnificent dinner was set before the President of the Tribunal. The entrées were delicious. The entremets were delightful. Each course was accompanied by a wine in perfect harmony, and the service was beyond reproach.

The president, who was a fine judge of both law and good cheer, was well satisfied, and, several hours later, was still contemplating the merit of his repast. "By my faith" he said complacently to an auditor of his acquaintance, "we have just had a superb turkey. It was excellent; stuffed to the beak with truffles, tender as a chicken, aromatic as a thrush. By my faith, we left nothing but the bones."

"And how many of you were

there?" enquired his curious friend.

"Only two," answered the gourmet.

"Only two?"

"Precisely so," said the lawyer, "only two. There was myself and there was the bird."

Today, little remains of that age of bland indulgence. We can still thrill to the colourful opulence of a Kashmir rug or the sombre grandeur of Tannhäuser. But what further have we?

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high pressures
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Safety Couplings
for Gas, Oil & Water Pipe line*



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available in straight or multiple form for steel, copper, brass and aluminium tubes. We shall be glad to send on request further information together with details of Ermeko high-pressure valves, etc.

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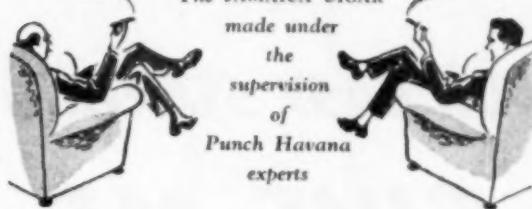
"If you're thinking of giving your friends cigars this Christmas, take a tip my boy from a confirmed cigar smoker. The Punch Havana experts are now supervising the making of **Macanudo Cigars** in Jamaica."

"Really? The result should be most interesting."

"It's more than that. It's a triumph! Here, try one—a Macanudo. I'll be giving quite a few boxes this season."

MACANUDO

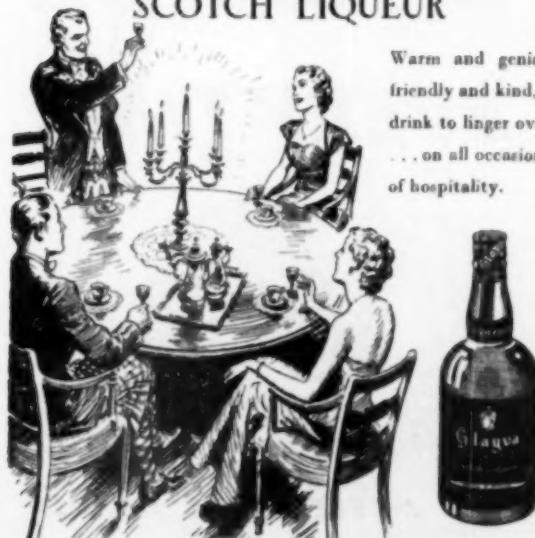
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We claim, with some pride, that Army & Navy shirts are old-fashioned. We do not practise those little economies which cause your shirt-cuffs to slew round your wrists; nor have we learned to skimp cloth—our shirts are full at the back and generously cut round the neck-band. Yet the ready-to-wear shirt made in our own workrooms can be had from 48/-, and those made specially for you are just as reasonably priced

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EVERY TIME**

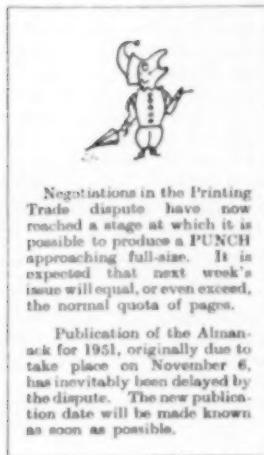


THE MASTERPIECE IN OILS



CHARIVARIA

ANOTHER "Lonely Hearts" Convention is probably to be arranged shortly. The promoters feel that the last one may have caused a certain amount of confusion in the public mind by being held so near to the date of the Liberal Conference.



Negotiations in the Printing Trade dispute have now reached a stage at which it is possible to produce a PUNCH approaching full-size. It is expected that next week's issue will equal, or even exceed, the normal quota of pages.

Publication of the Almanack for 1951, originally due to take place on November 6, has inevitably been delayed by the dispute. The new publication date will be made known as soon as possible.

Theme and Variation

"Major S. W. Trafford yesterday advised that any pig-keeping council tenant at St. Faith's and Aylsham, Norfolk, be allowed to keep two instead of one. 'Single pigs,' he said, 'are apt to pine.' Permission given."—*"Daily Express"*

"Single Pekingese dogs are apt to pine. Told this by their chairman, Major S. W. Trafford, St. Faith's and Aylsham R.D.C., Norfolk, yesterday gave permission for council-house tenants to keep two Pekes instead of one."

"Daily Mail," same day



It is reported from Lisbon that a forty-nine-year-old former postmistress has been arrested on a charge of witchcraft. When police broke into her flat they found her sitting in front of two candles placed between a pair of skulls with daggers thrust through them. Even then they might have taken a lenient view of the case if she had not calmly sat there and finished weaving her spell before she looked up and asked them what they wanted.



DRAGGLES

While ways and means are being sought to attract foreigners to the Festival of Britain, the Musicians' Union suspects that it is being done mainly by engaging them to perform in it.

7

The skill of the handicappers in bringing about this stupendous finish was such that although a time of 1 hr. 7 mins. lapsed between the take-off of the first and last machines, the 61 to complete the course finished within six months."—*"Sunday Express"*

Is "skill" really the word?

7

Even to the experienced driver, says an article, the modern car is full of mysterious mechanisms. All the same, he may still be called on to explain how the Swiss watches found their way inside.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

I REMEMBER the Great War
And the songs they sang in the
street,

Songs of an age ending

And a world dying on its feet;

Songs of a race that claimed

The run of the seven seas,

Melancholy and vulgar

And native as Cheddar cheese.

I know them as from a world
In which I have now no part.
But the self that heard them
sung

Lives somewhere under my
heart:

He listened in the darkening nursery

Where the gas-fire muttered and
glowed,

To the sound of boots on metal

And the voices singing in the
road:

And when the night wind howled

And the night-light flickered in
the gloom

He heard in gusts a gramophone

Playing in the next-door room.

And how shall I reconcile
The backward-reckoning brain
With the heart that misses a beat
To hear the songs again!

I was, and now I am;
And at every point between,
At every different moment,
A different self has been.
Times change and we change in
them;
And he who tries to go back
Is disconcerted by his dead selves
Littering the single track.

E E

GEORGE BRADSHAW, HIS LIFE AND TIMES

MUCH has been written in recent years about *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*; too little has been heard about the man. Entries in most books of reference under his name run somewhat as follows:

"George John Henry Bradshaw was born near Stockport in Lancashire and by his varied labours as a statesman, antiquary and scholar lent lustre not only to the cloistered seclusion of Gray's Inn but to Eton, Cambridge and the county of his birth. His bibliographical faculty amounted to genius and his map engraving was the wonder of the civilized world. Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and President of the Council of State, he became embroiled in a dispute with the Protector about the main lines of his policy, but, triumphantly establishing his points, compiled in one glorious summer not only the *Polyolbion of Steam* but the *Book of Deer*. He was a Commissioner of the Great Seal. He was an active Philanthropist. He was the author of one of the greatest books in the English language, the volume which now bears his name. He was buried for a short time in Westminster Abbey until the hand of envy disturbed his honoured bones . . ."

A great deal of this is entirely erroneous. George Bradshaw, to give him his right designation, first saw the gloom in Manchester in 1801. Much of his early life was spent in designing a symbol that would distinguish the railway line in a map from rivers, roads and the boundaries of shires. It was only in his twenty-fifth year that he hit upon the device of a partly black and partly white line and thus added an extra grace to our Ordnance Surveys. His next task was to deal with the departure of trains. He had noticed the scene of amazing disorder which usually accompanied a train setting out from Manchester station in the early years of the last century. Scarcely distinguished in those days from a stage coach, it was almost invariably so considered. "Shall we have the cloths off her, Tom?" the ostlers (for they were still so called) would cry, receiving the response "Aye, lad, but there's another owd party coming down t' road," while hampers of fruit, whole hams and bottles of gin were

being thrust into the carriages to preserve the passengers from starvation on their way to Liverpool.

His proposal that trains should start at a fixed time accompanied by the use of a flag and whistle instead of the crack of a whip, then usually employed, was assailed bitterly in the House of Commons. Still more unpopular was his further suggestion that trains should have a settled time for reaching their destination, which was felt to be flying in the face of providence; since there was no system of signals and the method of adjusting points was entirely unreliable. Many trains were lost for days; but Bradshaw was not daunted, and after a hard struggle insisted on the publication of an exact schedule for the routes between all large manufacturing centres, which up to ten years ago was still of service on some of our principal lines.

Gradually through the Agony column in *The Times* he collected statistics from all quarters and began to harmonize his material, often recovering trains that had been mislaid in sidings for a decade and were now overgrown with moss and weeds; and in the end he produced the romantic and fanciful, yet strong and passionate, compilation which bears his name.

His declining years were spent largely in esoteric annotation, and it was only when he had succeeded in using sixty-five letters and symbols on a single page, including the mystic * for "try asking a porter," that he felt his life work to be done. He died in Norway, whether he had gone to instruct the young Henrik Ibsen in the uses of the piston rod.

EVOK

POPPY DAY

More than three-quarters of a million ex-Service men and women and their dependants have been helped by the British Legion's Poppy Day Appeal since V. E. Day.

Last year £848,000 was collected in England and Wales. Will you help to make it a million pounds this year?



PRO PATRIA, PRO MUNDO



"Winter service started, I see."

ENVY

I DON'T know whether you ever have the same experience, but from time to time I get a feeling that I shall never make my way in the world. When I see those tall, well-fed men with good suits and pig-skin brief-cases strolling past the ticket-barrier without even saying "Season" I simply know I am not really fitted for life in a competitive community.

I tried to work this trick, with a modification, three Christmases ago, when I was carrying a small Christmas tree, two parcels and the frame of a child's tricycle. "Season," I said to the man at the barrier. He stepped in my path at once.

"What say?"

"Season," I said, and went through a small, humiliating pantomime to show that it would be inconvenient to produce the document.

"What about it?" said the man.

"Well," I said, "I've got rather a lot to carry, and as my season ticket's in my inside jacket pocket, where it's a bit difficult to get at, I wondered if——"

But the other collector joined him, and they threw a cordon round me, and they didn't move until I'd found it. Meanwhile, scores of tall, well-fed men in good suits filed through and sat in the first-class compartments and had tea brought them immediately—a service I ordinarily have to wait for until the other side of Gatwick airport.

I'm feeling particularly small and inferior to-day, because I've been reading an advertisement in *The Times* by one of these men. He seems to be an administrator and personnel controller (I've often wondered what they were) seeking a SENIOR APPOINTMENT. He has had,

he says, "exceptional experience in the rapid building up of large organizations." Perhaps it is misleading when I say "seeking." All he actually says is that he "will be interested in considering." Doesn't really care one way or the other, you see.

A very fine test of a man's confidence is of course his reaction to his own advertisement when he sees it in print. My own reaction is usually to go pink all over and lock myself in the spare bedroom until the singing in my ears eases. When I advertised my dinner jacket in the local paper, "owner no further use, a snip, £5." I underwent agonies when I read it. The advertisement department of *The County Examiner* and *Clarion* (a man called Ted, with steel spectacles) advised the enticing phrase "a snip"; afterwards I would have given anything to

withdraw it; it wasn't true; left to myself (I had had earlier advice in my own home) I should have put "not a snip; needs re-buttonholing, slight moth up back," and probably even mentioned the small black throat-lozenges that sealed up one of the side pockets years ago under a dry-cleaner's iron. It seemed to me, as I read the damning paragraph, that I could never look prospective purchasers in the eye; when they meaningly pulled out the loose strands of horsehair from the lapels and idly toyed with the split silk facings I should have to hang my head in shame. It would have been different if I could have said "Well, I told you that it had drain-pipe trousers and a pear-shaped opening to the waistcoat; that's how they made them in my uncle's day." Then they would have had no answer. (As it happened, I hadn't.)

But this advertiser in *The Times*, I am certain, will come through the ordeal of publication without blanching. His only misgiving will be that he has perhaps understated himself, and that the shoal of eager correspondents, whose crisp, die-stamped City newspaper will shortly come thudding through his letter-box, may be frightened when they actually see him; they will not have expected to see a man more than seven feet tall and with a ten-inch chest expansion; they will say to themselves "If we take this chap on, how are we to know the size and rapidity of the organization he will build up? He may have snapped up a couple of factories on his way to the interview, and even now, as he sits here, be planning to knock two walls out of this office and build an overhead railway to the foundry."

My feeling is, however, that the advertiser need have no fear. I think the interview will go off perfectly satisfactorily. After all, the men who interview him will only be personnel: he'll simply control them, take charge of the whole thing. "Past experience?" he'll say, stretching out a foot idly to show that his shoelaces disappear into the tops of his shoes under a secret system known only to administrators and personnel controllers—"Well, you know Scambleson's

Nickel? When I went there they were only eighteen personnel and three lathes. Now they occupy nine hundred thousand square feet on the Great West Road. Then there's Furbelow's Sauce. Built them up from nothing to thirty-eight factories."

"I see," the other man will say. "But our line is children's toilet preparations. Do you think you—?"

The administrator roars with laughter. "Good gracious me," he says, "you don't suppose it matters to me what the product is! Just give me a going concern to administer, and some personnel to control,

and let me get on with it, building it up, rapidly. Linoleum or potato-crisps, doesn't make any difference to me."

"I see," says the other, and hesitates momentarily. "And what about the—?"

"Twelve thousand a year," says the man. "And buck up; I've got a lot of other people to see."

Well, I wish him luck. He deserves it. But he won't need it. The advertisement came out a week ago, and I expect by now he's already moved into a large, cream-washed room at the National Steel Board headquarters.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

7
7

THE HUSBANDMAN

WHEN I was four or five or six
And lived in a land of stocks and ricks
I used to drive a reaper;

A reaper-and-binder with horses two—
Huge fat horses called George and Sue—
Around and ever deeper

Into the barley and oats and wheat,
While the sheaves flew out all tied and neat
And the men came out and "stitched" them.

And there in the rows they proudly stood
And dried in the sun, which did them good,
Till into the carts they pitched them.

And took them away to thresh and store
And piled the sacks on the granary floor
Under my supervision.

While, chaff in shoes and chaff in hair,
I was busy here and advising there
With infantile decision.

Or wasn't I? When I held the reins
And bounced in the seat and was at such pains
To drive the reaper true.

Was somebody, unbeknownst to me,
Else in charge of the husbandry
And guiding George and Sue?

Did somebody older and wiser than I
Say how the ricks should be builded high
And where the grain should go?

Little I cared or suspected then,
When I was a man in a world of men—
At five or six or so.

LIFEMANSHIP

V. LIFEMANSHIP RESEARCH

Lifemanship is in its early stages still; but our young workers have not been idle.

Music

The general aim in music is to make other people feel outside it—or outsiders, compared to yourself. Don't look too solemn when music is played; on the contrary, be rather jolly about your musical appreciation. Say "Yes, it's a grand tune, isn't it?" and bawl it out in a cracked *unmusical* voice. Say "Ludwig suggests that this theme represents the galloping hooves of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. But to me it's just a grand tune."

Suggestions for conductorship continue to pour in. W. Goehr, coming North to preside over the Penning Orchestra, who for twelve years had taken their cue from the leader and paid no attention to the baton of any visiting conductor, got the better of these men, many of whom came from Bradford, by a piece of what I can only call brilliant conductorship.

It was a new work by Mahler. The night before the rehearsal, he altered a B flat to a B natural in a fortissimo passage of the score of the 7th double bass.

When the passage was played in rehearsal he stopped instantly. "Someone is playing B natural instead of B flat," he said. In the long, brawling argument which ensued, Goehr, of course, came out on top, and the Penning Orchestra, although they did not change their fixed expressions, did express, or so it seemed to me at the time, some sort of silent approval.

Talking over a concert afterwards, with someone who has been there in another part of the hall, it is not a bad thing to say, in a tone of faint interest: "What, you stayed for the Debussy?"

* * *

Actorship

R. Simpson (the originator of Simpson's Statue, known to the well-read) is, of course, also an actor. Not only that, he is the genial secretary and leading light of the Actorship Society, busy now collecting ploys and amusing gambits. His own "Simpson Specials," as he calls them, can be briefly described:

(1) If a young actor who shows signs of becoming a rival is slightly "pressing" in rehearsal tell him afterwards that "he's never played the scene better." The chances are that, next time, he will over-act badly, and even lose his touch with the part for good.

(2) The *V-shaped smile*, for fellow-actors who are doing rather well. Stand in the wings and be seen by them clapping soundlessly, as if to encourage.

(3) If an actor has, to your disappointment, been given a part larger than your own, and one which you secretly coveted, take an opportunity of saying to him, quietly and sympathetically, at the beginning of the second week of rehearsal: "My God, you've got a pill!"

Work in Progress (with names of directing Lifemen)

FIELD GLASSES PROCEDURE. When to have field glasses which are so big that they are actually too heavy to hold; and when to have them so small and inconspicuous that they do not, in fact, magnify at all. (A "Friend of Lifemanship.")

ROYALTYSHIP. The playing of, or threat to play, still ball games, especially golf, in a crown. (A. King.*)

FOREIGN TRAVEL PLOY. (We'll Go Roamin' Branch.) Having booked up hotels all along your



"HUMAN NATURE ONLY CHANGES SLIGHTLY"

Note how the Greek vase recently excavated from Mount Pinthos shows right (left) and wrong (right) ways of listening to music.

route three months in advance, say "We're just going to bung the car over the Channel and let it follow its own nose." (G. Barry.)

(English-ship" Branch.) When to be extremely English abroad and how to speak English French. (G. Bovinsky.)

CARSHIP. How to deliver over the map to your passenger to read, saying you'll "leave the route to her," and then not leave the route to her but, on the contrary, question every turning so that in the end she confuses North with South, and third-class roads with the sign for windmills. (G. Tsu, Bulawayo.)

GENIUSSHIP. Our Bermondsey group is working on this large and complex ploy, including limpmanship, being the son of a tinker, importance of mother, unimportance of father, different from other boys and wandering off alone in fields with a book, like other boys only more so, leaving weaker work till later,

* Pseudonym of well-known King

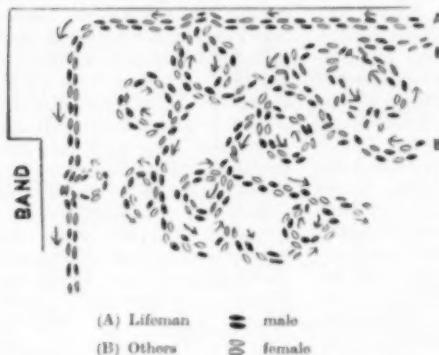
showing kindness, goodwill and understanding of others, being absolutely impossible.

UNDERGRADUATESHIP, including how to read the same essay in successive tutorials to the same tutor, and make it sound completely different. How to decide whether you are going to be an undergraduate (1) who works or (2) who does not work. The importance, if you are a pianist, of looking beefy: the importance, if you are a rowing blue, of looking introspective and intellectual. How, if an undergraduate, not to look like an undergraduate. Use of (a) hat and (b) walking stick.

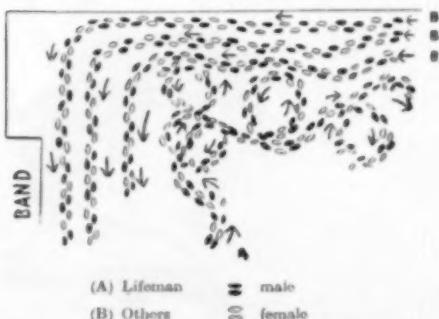
FELLOWSHIP. How, if a junior fellow, not to look like a junior fellow, but either (a) an undergraduate or (b) a senior fellow.

DANCINGSHIP. If everyone else is dancing violently, separating from their partners, twirling round on separate axes, etc., how to move slowly and statuously, and indicate reproof and superiority by such movement.

DANCINGSHIP : GOOD FORM PLAY



Note straight course of couple on perimeter, for making self-conscious the freer steps of dancers in centre.



Here, other dancers are moving with restraint. Note steps recommended for single pair to suggest that this good form is bad form.

How, alternatively, if the dancing is fairly prim, to suggest that this good form is bad form, or at any rate faintly Park Crescent, by being the only pair in the room to dance bebop.

HOUSE WARNINGSHIP. How to comment on a friend's new house. How to say you like it . . . that you think they've got round the awkwardnesses admirably . . . that, of course, they had to have a window there, you supposed . . . and would have to make another one there . . . that it's from next door, of course, that you get the really wonderful view . . . that it's much better to have the original covering if you can't get new ones made . . . that aren't they wise to leave the walls in their original colour—God knows you have to stand over them nowadays to get the colour you really want.

PERIODSHIP. How to specialize in periods which have not yet been specialized. When to be interested in the filmic qualities of the Silent Cinema. How to be writing a book on the revival of the Gothic Revival. Lifemanship's *Twopenny List of Unbooked Dates*, for period hunters.

* * *

Note on O.K.-Words

My use of the word "filmic" reminds me that this is now on the O.K. list for conversationmen. We hope to publish, monthly, a list of words which may be brought in at any point in the conversation and used with effect because no one quite understands what they mean, albeit these words have been in use for a sufficiently long time, at any rate by Highbrowmen, say ten years, for your audience to have seen them once or twice and already felt uneasy about them.* We are glad to suggest two words for November:

Mystique
 Classique.

STEPHEN POTTER

-(To be continued)

* I have often been asked whether there is an accredited counter for use against O.K.-words. Mrs. Johnstone made a note of the following conversation between myself and J. Compton, the educationist (Lifeman 364). (Compton used to do splendidly with the word "empathy" when it was O.K. in the twenties, but we are none of us as young as we were.) He was trying a fairly up-to-date O.K.-word which has been on our list since October 1938: "Catalyst."

COMPTON. I think Foagrove acts as a useful catalyst to the eccentricities of his chairman.

SELF. Catalyst?

COMPTON. Yes.

SELF. You. I suppose catalyst isn't quite right.

COMPTON (*surprised*). Not quite right!

SELF. Not quite what you mean. A catalyst is an agent of redistribution, literally.

COMPTON. Oh, yes.

SELF. It is a re-alignment of the molecules rather than an alteration of their potential . . .

COMPTON. In a sense . . .

Compton knows, and I know that he knows, that I am as ignorant of physics or chemistry as he is; yet nothing he can say will alter the general impression that in the feverish pursuit of the O.K.-word he has misfired with a metaphor, ployed by his own gambit.

AT THE PICTURES

The Glass Menagerie—Crisis



INCE my words last knew the touch of a compositor I have seen not less than fifteen films, at least eight or nine of which are deserving of notice. This article must be about the newest ones, those that may still be showing when you read it; about the others, which include *The Asphalt Jungle* and *The Jackpot* and *The*



[*The Glass Menagerie*]

Visit the East Side—
Amanda—GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Magnet, I will try to say a bit more than usual when they're generally released.

To-day we begin with the film of TENNESSEE WILLIAMS's play *The Glass Menagerie* (Director: IRVING RAPPER). What is most surprising about this is the way its exceedingly slight story is made to grip the attention; that could be said about the play too—and the film is little more than a photograph of the play—but the fact is still more surprising in a film, which it is usually agreed stands or falls by its movement, its action combined with its visual appeal. Of action, in the sense in which the word is understood by the ordinary moviegoer (one might broadly sum it up as people running from place to place and hitting each other and firing guns), *The Glass Menagerie* has none whatever; everything is in the atmosphere, the characters, the

way they are played, and what they say. Of visual interest, on the other hand, it seems to me to have a good deal more than any photographed play can usually manage. Perhaps there is a certain obviousness about the night views of that St. Louis street, perhaps they are in a key so different from that of the interiors as to make them seem detached bits of "art" inserted in the intervals of dialogue scenes; all the same, they please the eye. But it is the characters that hold the attention: the characters, and the dialogue, which is thoroughly entertaining and worth listening to without being in the least "literary." For a piece which you are not unlikely to hear the people behind you describe as "a bit *morbid*"—any story that ignores the boy-gets-girl formula and is set in poor and vaguely dingy surroundings is liable to be so tagged—this is remarkably full of laughter; and the acting is extremely good. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE as the exasperating, stupid mother who was a Southern belle in her youth splendidly communicates her own enjoyment of a rich part, and ARTHUR KENNEDY as the sardonic, disappointed son is excellent. JANE WYMAN touchingly plays the more conventional character of the shy, crippled daughter.

Something like the theme of *State Secret* turns up again in *Crisis* (Director: RICHARD BROOKS), with an interesting difference of emphasis. Again there is a doctor who operates on a dictator; but here the situation is used not as an excuse for a pursuit story but as the mainspring of argument. It is pleasant to find an idea in a well-done melodrama, even when the idea is familiar. Here the doctor, kidnapped with his wife while on holiday in a Latin-American country, represents (of course) good old U.S. democracy, the dictator on whom he has to operate brings out all the usual arguments for totalitarian rule, and a revolutionary leader wants the doctor to let the hated ruler die

under the knife. The problem is admirably worked out to an ironic ending—mostly in terms of action—with good local colour and some first-rate playing; JOSE FERRER, in particular, gives a brilliant, hard portrait of the dictator. This is a thoroughly good film, essentially more adult and serious than *State Secret* but on the surface almost equally gay.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another very good one in London is *Two Flags West*, a Cavalry-v.-Indians Western; and remember the revival of CHAPLIN's *City Lights*.

Best new release is *Sunset Boulevard* (30/8/50), which had a mixed reception but is by any standard well worth seeing. Earlier ones to note: *Seven Days to Noon* (4/10/50), *The Heiress* (27/9/50), and two that would have been written about at length: *No Way Out* (Director: JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ), which is a very good intelligent thriller in spite of being another in the race-relations "cycle," and *The Woman in Question* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH), an unusual murder mystery built up of a series of five different views of what happened to the principal character, through the eyes of five different witnesses. The "framing" of these flashbacks and the way they are fitted together are most ingenious.

RICHARD MALLETT



[*Crisis*]
—but Stay out of the South!
Helen Ferguson—PAULA RAYMOND

AN AUTHOR ON HIS HARD FATE

THE lumpy bed whereon I lie
Is hard as any pantry shelf.
I do not grumble, no, not I,
Nor hurl reproaches at the sky;
Truly, I made the thing myself.

I will go stuff my bed with bran
And spiky little lumps of lead,
Nor curse the day when I began
To call myself a self-made man
And lie upon a self-made bed.

For all the beds I ever had
Were preternaturally hard;
I often rested, as a lad,

Wrapped in my checked and threadbare plaid,
Upon the cobbles of the yard;

Then, grown at last to man's estate,
No more of luxury was mine;
I sometimes murmured at my fate,
But found a piece of boiler-plate
Sufficient comfort for my spine.

Why then arraign these humble planks?

For many a pilgrim in distress
Had laid thereon his aching shanks,
Nor, in the act of giving thanks,

Observed that they were cushionless.

Suppose my bed were fathoms deep,
And downier than a cygnet's wing,
Is it so certain this would keep
The haunted goblins from my sleep,
Or to my soul appeasement bring?

Still, when my couch is soft at last,
As self-made couches ever are,
I shall not say my lot was cast
In happier places in the past.
Hypocrisy can go too far.

R. P. LISTER



"Very well, dear, I'll meet you at two-thirty. I'll be wearing a blue hat with red flowers."



"Order two sandwiches, then it doesn't matter whether they're masculine or feminine."

DEFLATION IN THE NURSERY

Opinions taken from a representative section of tricycles and scanders in the park confirm the suspicion that parents are now doing more for themselves in the home—and paying less for what they don't.

THE great mass of nursery workers has long accepted as its right a kind of elastic scale of wages for various kinds of work. It has, for instance, been generally agreed by trial and error between the Nursery Unions and the Managements that the flat rate of payment for hanging up one's coat and hat over a fifteen-hour week (including seasonal increases for doing it without being told when there are visitors) was three pence; or three-pence-halfpenny if one had to climb

on a chair. Again, for washing one's own neck one could earn one penny for sponging (without soap), or a penny-halfpenny for scrubbing. Ears were twopence because of the higher degree of skill required. In this connection it was maintained that pyjama-coated workers could demand their own price if their parents happened to be playing bridge. The fetching of a clean duster from the kitchen to the garage for a father on a Saturday afternoon was rated at sixpence,

which included one penny overtime, and—if one's mother was in the kitchen—one penny danger money.

But now the situation is changing; and a member of the Nightlight Blowers Union has reported that for some time past he has not only been forced to do his work without payment, even at a reduced rate, but has had to put up with verbal propaganda, e.g., "my-poor-old-legs" (Nannie) and "we'll-all-be-selling-matches-in-the-streets-if," etc. (Father), all directed at lowering the workers' morale.

A member of the Turn-on-the-Bath Society discloses that when he inquired, civilly, about his pay at the end of a recent week he was told flatly that if he couldn't do a simple thing like turning on his own bath without being bribed to do it—and so on. The member added—and in this he got a good deal of support—that he could not be blamed if the bath overflowed the next time.

The question whether some kind of strike action could be taken has been put at several meetings, but the leveller heads among us have pointed out that the managements are at the moment in too strong a position. They instance the possibility of quite young members of the unions having to eat up their crusts as a reprisal. And lately it has been advanced that the best results are likely to be obtained from subtle sabotage—it would be difficult for even the most experienced tribunal (any mother supported by a nannie) to establish beyond reasonable doubt where the blame lies for the sudden breaking of shoelaces, the disappearance of gloves, or the hiding of parental spectacles at critical moments.

Thus, then, there are fewer of us gainfully employed in the nursery than ever before. And it is easy to forecast that this short-sighted parental policy will lead to a state of affairs where some of us will be reduced to selling our older toys to keep up appearances. Alarmists, too—usually hangers-on-the-prams but nevertheless influential—are afraid that even the no-crying bonus, or the "now-if-you-eat-your-pudding-like-a-gentleman" gratuity will cease altogether.





E. H. Shepard

WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

TELL me where a man may go
on land or sea
and get such vision
as my own streets give to me;
say what more the earth can show
of wealth or wit,
or what magician
can more embellish it
than the wide-windowed houses
standing open in the town:

*The King and Keys, The Golden Fleece,
The World Turned Upside Down.*

Some may have the heart set free
with sound of song,
or make adventure
where the roads of hope lie long;
but I need neither argosy
from foreign mart

nor to take indenture
out for any kind of art,
for the wide-windowed houses
look far beyond the town:

*The Shining Hour, The Forest Flower,
The World Turned Upside Down.*

Sour of face my neighbours seem,
and sour of soul;
whose dusty traffic
takes the half of life for whole;
right or wrong, I save esteem
for those like me
whose minds may maffick
to the tunes of fantasy
in the wide-windowed houses,

*The Green Man, Maid Nut-Brown,
Old Father Red Cap,
The World Turned Upside Down.*

When all men get for governors
the wise and brave,
when truth takes payment
and none will fee the knave,
there'll be no need for taverners
nor use for inns
and virtue's raiment
will softer be than sin's:
but the wide-windowed houses
till then must stand in town,
for the world where wrongs are righted
is the world turned upside down.

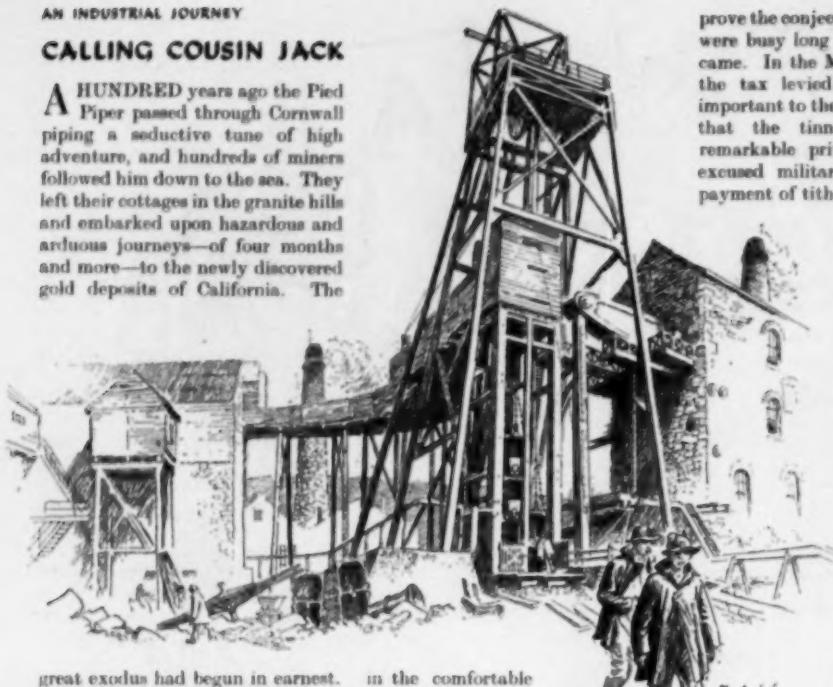
ALUN LLEWELLYN



AN INDUSTRIAL JOURNEY

CALLING COUSIN JACK

A HUNDRED years ago the Pied Piper passed through Cornwall piping a seductive tune of high adventure, and hundreds of miners followed him down to the sea. They left their cottages in the granite hills and embarked upon hazardous and arduous journeys—of four months and more—to the newly discovered gold deposits of California. The



great exodus had begun in earnest. The Californian gold rush was followed by rushes to Australia, South Africa, Chile, Peru, the Rockies, Burma, Bolivia, Malaya—to every mining camp in the world. Between 1850 and 1890 more than 150,000 Cornishmen migrated overseas to pioneer important mining ventures. Many of them, very many of them, withstood the appalling mining hazards for only a few years; others, broken in health, returned to Cornwall with their pockets a-jingle to die of "miner's complaint"; others survived, settled in the new camps and established flourishing colonies of "Cousin Jacks." They are still flourishing.

Surprisingly, very little is known of this vast enterprise outside Cornwall, for Cornishmen have somehow retained their racial aloofness and reticence; yet the story is of epic grandeur and on the same scale of human endeavour as the voyages of the Norsemen and the taming of the Middle West. It is indeed almost impossible to write dispassionately of this era in Cornish history, even when the facts have been acquired

in the comfortable enervating holiday atmosphere of the Cornish coves and when the narrative has been punctuated very thoroughly by splits and pasties.

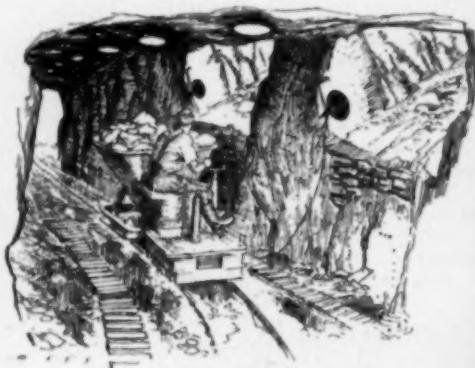
A mile or two inland from the busy beaches and the bearded artists in their corduroys lies a huge cemetery of industrial activity. The granite moorlands of Carn Brea, Carn Menellis and Carn Marth are scarred by hundreds of abandoned mines, the stumps of chimney stacks, ruined engine houses and pit-mounds. This is a wasteland as evocative as an old battlefield.

For hundreds of years this was the world's chief source of tin and copper. There is abundant evidence to prove that tin—"so excellent in Cornwall that it's only not sylver"—was worked here in Norman times, and there is nothing to dis-

prove the conjecture that the tanners were busy long before the Romans came. In the Middle Ages tin and the tax levied on it became so important to the national exchequer that the tanners were granted remarkable privileges: they were excused military service and the payment of tithes and were allowed to set up their own Stannary parliament. And on the side, as it were, they managed to put in a remunerative bit of smuggling and wrecking.

The earliest tanners were not underground miners: they merely scratched at the outcrops of metalliferous rock and the alluvial sands. Then, as the surface riches became exhausted, they followed the veins into the granite by means of shallow adits. Deep mining was

impossible until the great engineers of the eighteenth and (early) nine-



teenth centuries—Newcomen, Watt, Trevithick and company—developed efficient steam-engines and steam-pumps powerful enough to rid the mines of flood-water.

For the first sixty or seventy years of the nineteenth century the mines of Cornwall prospered and a large engineering industry grew out of the demand for drills, winding gear, stamps (for crushing the tin-bearing rock), pumps and Cornish engines. This ancillary industry has survived the parent, has overcome its natural disadvantages, and now supplies the world with mining equipment of all kinds.

At one large factory—a business founded a hundred and fifty years ago by the Nicholas Holman who made boilers for Richard Trevithick—I inspected the production of pneumatic rock-drills and later saw them tested in an experimental mine a few miles from Camborne. As the drill-bits pulverize the granite and cut neat round holes into the rock-face the din is stifling. (Imagine one of those road-drill things at work in a telephone kiosk.) My guide was an old cap'n who had seen mining service in every continent. He told me (when we had backed away a sufficient distance along the duckboards—for I am no lip-reader) that the first pneumatic rock-drills were used in the driving of the Mont Cenis Tunnel in 1884, that the first Cornish rock-drills were made in Camborne some twenty years later, and that he himself had put scores of them to work on the Rand. He

had made a small fortune out there, hoarded it carefully while all around him were squandering their danger-money on hard liquor, and had then lost it all in a mad burst of speculation. His lurid account of early days in Jo'burg would make a best-seller—as I told him—but he made it perfectly clear by the way he bunched his brows and warded off this suggestion that he regarded writing as invertebrate and un-Cornish.

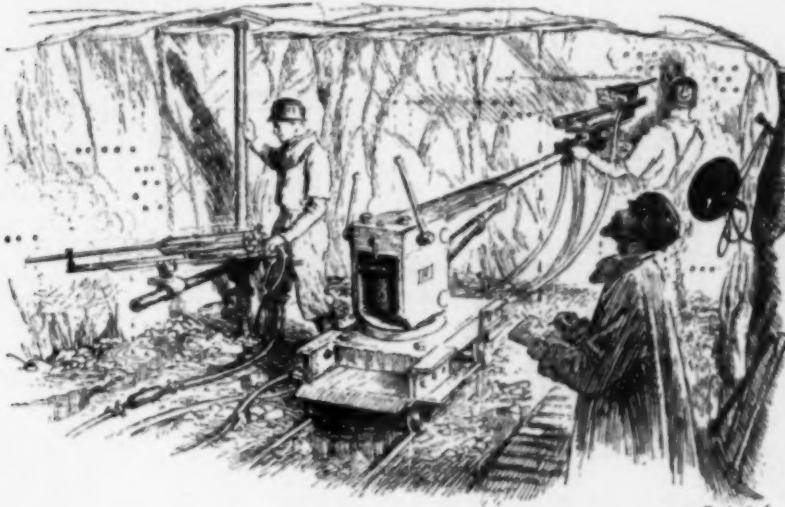
The slump in Cornish mining came with the opening up of the rich tin and copper deposits of America and Malaya. One by one the mines closed down, the great beams or "bobs" of their engines came to rest and the waters surged into the galleries. Since the 'seventies the sad decline has been arrested for two or three short periods—notably in 1914 when war-time demand for wolfram stimulated activity, and in 1927 when the gradual exhaustion of easily-won alluvial deposits overseas caused prices to rise. To-day there are only three or four mines in production, a mere token force drawn from the euphonious names of the past—Wheal Damsel, Great Conduorow, Carn Brea, Boscaswell Downs, Bassett and Grylls, Wheal Druid, Ding Dong, Gwennap Consols, Tincroft, South Crofty, Castle-an-Dinas, Geevor, Ting Tong, Seahole, St. Ives Consols, Dolcoath,

Owan Vean, Pednandrea, Trevascus...

The poetic nomenclature of the mines was once echoed in the trade-names of the workers: there were streamers, adventurers, tutworkers, tributaries and bal maidens (girls who broke up the lumps of rock with long hammers). And the strange Cornish Celtic of the ancient tinners can still be heard in the valleys where the surviving streamers comb the refuse sands (or "tailings") from the mines or loads of material carted from old pit-mounds. There are still several hundred streamers at work, loobing, trunking, chimming, seargin and tozing the sands with their gimerack, water-driven machines. To win the three or four pounds of tin which a ton of rubble may contain, and to win it quickly enough to make the job commercially worthwhile, needs exceptional skill. As I watched Cap'n Jack Hannaway of Truro "vanning" (I think) a small piece of stone on his shovel, crushing it and swirling it round with a drop or two of water until the tin showed up "bright as a bullock's tongue," I realized that I had somehow mislaid my disbelief in alchemy.

Someday, perhaps, it will be possible to re-open more of the rich mineral veins of Cornwall. There is still, the geologists say, a great quantity of buried treasure to be unearthed—tin, copper, lead, zinc, tungsten and—er—uranium. Yet I am told that only under driving economic necessity would the Cornish women allow their menfolk to go down the mines. They have not forgotten the great plague, the years when the short, hacking cough of the doomed miner was a sound as common as the wheezing of the beam-engines and the rhythmic thumping of the stamps. Mining conditions are now greatly improved and the miner's health is protected but the malignant quartz dust of the Rand lies deep in Cornish memory.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

"YOU know that bungalowish house just over the top of the hill, on the left?"

"Next to Sleems'?"

"No, next to Bagshott's."

"Good heavens, Bagshott's left ages ago!"

"You mean the three sisters? Didn't one of them—the red-faced, fat one—teach Arthur elocution?"

"No, it was the artistic one with boils—the one who ran away with Mr. Murphy. There was a brother too. He always said he must have an open-air life, and old Mr. Bagshott set him up on a poultry farm. Then after the first week he decided to go in for the Church. Old Mr. Bagshott——"

"Yes, yes, but about this house. You know where Mary Pepcot used to live?"

"Mary Pepcot? Pepcot . . . Yes, of course, she married Derek Bucket. I went to school with his mother. We used to——"

"Well, next to Pepcot's——"

"Bratleys'. After the Pepcots left there were those queer people with the huge mongrel, then the man who went bankrupt, and now the Bratleys."

"Well, next to Bratleys', then, there's the Red House——"

"It's a sort of home now. I see prams——"

"Then Bagshott's——"

"Sleems'. Surely you know Colonel Sleem? You walked up from the station with him only the other day!"

"Was that Colonel Sleem? I've always called him Pockley, dash it. Have they been here long?"

"Not very long. They came just before the war. Colonel Sleem was such a help with the Home Guard. Don't you remember me writing to tell you how he dislocated little Mr. Ormsley's shoulder in that unarmed combat thing they used to practise?"

"Can't say I do. Anyway, next to Sleems' there's this sort of bungalow. A good way back from the road. Who lives there? Not Professor Batey?"

"Good gracious, no! He's dead long ago. No, poor old Mrs. Grampit."

"Why 'poor' old Mrs. Grampit?"

"Well, surely you remember that dreadful affair just after she came—about twenty years ago, I suppose. They say she——"

"I think I remember something about it. Do you see much of her?"

"Not very much. She was in Benton's the other day, though, when I was getting the bacon, and do you know, she said 'Don't you feel nervous, living all alone in that big house?' Of course I said there were the two of us."

"Well, she seems a bit out of touch with her own village, I must say."

T. S. WATT





" You're no oil painting, I say, and I ought to know, I say . . . "

AT THE PLAY

IHAVE to report that since last I broke silence, some weeks ago, audiences have been reaching for their hats mildly, for nothing in the field of new work has been big enough to send them home healthily arguing.

There have been, however, two interesting revivals. Anyone who doubts if *Journey's End* was more than a well-timed war play that happened to ring a contemporary bell must be reassured by the production at the Westminster, which shows it to be remarkably unfaded by our later crop of battle associations. Nothing so moving in the theatre as the third act has yet emerged from the second war. The company is of a decent repertory standard.

Also very welcome—for a limited run at the Lyric, Hammersmith—was *The Old Ladies*, Mr. RODNEY AUCKLAND's adaptation of Hugh Walpole's novel of the same name. Miss MARY JERROLD and



(Surfeit of Lampreys)

Scientific Investigation
Chief Detective-Inspector Alleyne—
Mr. JACK GWILIM
Master Michael Lamprey—
BILL CROYDON



(Who is Sylvia?)

Complicated Duplication
Mark—MR. ROBERT FLEMING; Nosy—MISS DIANE HART
Oscar—MR. ROLAND CULVER

Miss JEAN CADELL, superb; Miss MARY CLARE, much less sinister than Miss EDITH EVANS in the original production; but the total effect was still impressive.

Of the new plays, Mr. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON's *Queen Elizabeth* (about to finish a limited run at the Arts) has been the neatest, exploring with dramatic finesse a neglected corner of a well-trodden tract of history. Disappointing is Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE's *Top of the Ladder* (St. James's). A patchy though imaginative kaleidoscope of human patterns, it employs many ingenious stage devices to give significance to an essentially banal story; but one is left with the feeling that little is said in a very round-about manner. Best feature of the evening is the continuously exciting acting of Mr. JOHN MILLS.

Described as "light comedy," *Who is Sylvia?* at the Criterion seems an inexplicable lapse on the part of so good a craftsman as Mr. TERENCE RATTIGAN. It contains some funny scenes, but these are in the nature of almost unrelated sketches in a rambling, episodic framework. The hero, an amorous diplomat, is haunted by the memory of a girl he had met for an afternoon in youth, and therefore keeps a chain of mistresses who approximate to this ideal; his pécadios miraculously fail to impede his triumphant progress to the Paris

Embassy. After thirty-three years of immunity he is caught out, his wife proving to have been a patient student of his behaviour from the start. Mr. ROBERT FLEMING, beginning well, looks and sounds less and less a diplomat as the decades roll by. Except that in age he is made to talk like a Crimean veteran, Mr. ROLAND CULVER absorbs time more successfully as a rakish bachelor. His is a very charming, varied and skilful performance. Singularly wasted, Miss ATHENE SEYLER comes on in the last few minutes to inject her own incomparable gaiety. Miss DIANE HART, trebling the doxies, is happiest as the first of them, and Mr. EDMOND KNIGHT as a cockney valet amusingly ballasts a never very steady vessel.

At the Embassy, *Surfeit of Lampreys* is an adaptation by Miss NGOI MAHESH and Mr. OWEN B. HOWELL of Miss MARSH's murder novel. Alas, nearly all the force of an unusually entertaining mystery was lost.

Recommended

As tonics against autumnal vapours: Maugham's *Home and Beauty* (St. Martin's), a sparkling revival—*Seagulls over Sorrento* (Apollo), a marine comedy that also touches—and *Will Any Gentleman?* (Strand), a gilt-edged farce in which Robertson Hare is wildly at home.

ERIC KEWES

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

FEW men have inspired three major revolutions and gone on to die respectably at ninety-four, but then few men have possessed the diabolical energy and the astonishingly varied gifts of Bernard Shaw.

The revolution in thought, which brought a great wave of tonic fresh air to disperse Victorian frowst, is likely to be forgotten, except by social historians; but to those who found in it a positive approach to problems long tucked away under the dust-sheets of convention it was vastly important. Shaw was their leader. With a magnificent irreverence for accepted custom he whirled through the taboos of our grandfathers, holding them up to ridicule in speeches, prefaces and plays of incomparable lucidity.

In the second revolution, in politics, Shaw was easily the most effective propagandist of the early Socialists. He was thrifty in admiration, but his homage to Karl Marx, as much as to Ibsen and Wagner, was unstinted; and he brought to the new creed a breadth and wit often sadly lacking in the solemn statisticians among whom he moved.

It was through the third revolution, however, that his permanent fame is assured. Since by a rare concession he was a great artist as well as a great reformer it followed naturally. An unknown young Irishman, he swept into the English theatre and turned it upside down. For three years (1895-8), historic in dramatic criticism, he wrote weekly articles in *The Saturday Review* that were as caustic as they were invigorating. He went tooth and nail for the "well-made" play, mocking under the comprehensive nickname of Sardoodledom its trite situations and negligible thought, and he plugged Ibsen incessantly. The three volumes of "Our Theatres in the Nineties" remain as sparkling as when they were written.

His own plays turned rebellion into action. He began by rocking London with his startling treatment of such traditional evils as slum-landlords, prostitution and war, and went on to demonstrate that the drama of ideas could seize an everyday

audience. Whereas critics of Ibsen had complained of the odour of spiritual paraffin, Shaw sugared his bitter pills with comedy of classic quality. He himself described his method as pulling teeth under laughing gas; and, although nearly all his plays were designed to ram home a theory, part of his genius lay in expressing the arguments on every side with what seemed overwhelming logic before presenting his own dialectic *coup de grâce*. But in the superb prose of the prefaces was absorbed the real propaganda.

Those who dismiss him as a pamphleteer who happened to write plays ignore his brilliant technical skill. They are misled by the characteristic perversity of his pretence to despise plots (he called them clockwork mice), and they forget that although time has drawn the sting from Shavian shock-therapy his plays continue to delight. In fact he knew all the tricks, and used them to punctuate the audaciously long speeches that he made exciting by sheer force of original wit.

Those who complain that his characters do not live are on slightly better ground. He was essentially a puritan, ashy of humanity as he was of nature and of the art of good living. His political training tended to make him think of people in groups rather than as individuals; he could

no more have managed Falstaff than Shakespeare could have managed Don Juan. The answer surely is that, even if we allow the extreme view that he manipulated intellectual abstractions, these are made enormously dramatic. And drama is the stuff of the theatre.

His philosophy would seem to be the least durable part of his writing. The theory of creative evolution which he substituted for God led him into the cul-de-sac of the He-Ancients, and to-day his leaning towards the superman has an ugly ring. His social comedies, rich in paradox and irony, and the historical plays are more likely to be produced in the future than his mighty metaphysical block-busters; but whatever the choice of posterity there cannot be any doubt that he will live as the greatest literary figure of our period.

ERIC KEOWEN





"But, Jebu, the man said to drive slowly for the first five hundred leagues."

HOTELRY

THIS Belle-lettre flickers its glowworm lamp over the topic of Hotels. Let us begin with the Caravanserai. Omar Khayyám, James E. Flecker and I are among the writers to consider Caravanserais. From the name, one would guess they were pull-ups for caravans, though there is the possibility that they were formed of stationary caravans, as at Peacehaven. Omar specifically mentioned that his Caravanserai was "batter'd," which sounds as if the second explanation were correct. Of course, the poet may have changed his mind later. A line or two farther on he remarks "I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled," which hints that he sometimes thought that roses planted elsewhere were redder. He was obviously an inconsistent and variable thinker and well aware of it. Perhaps it is unwise to pin too much on the epithet "batter'd." The elision of the "e," not required by the scenaion, may be a subtle indication that we should read the word with a grain of salt. So much for Caravanserais.

Now for the Dickens Inn. This was quite, quite torrid. Huge fires roared, joints were basted, drinks steamed, jugs of hot water were carried continually into bedrooms; it must have been hell in the summer. Dickens does not mention caravans, so they may have been barred for some reason, perhaps because they competed with coaches. Any hotel which in early life

was a Dickens inn is entitled to be proud of the fact and have quotations from his works framed on the walls of the luxury lounge, where concealed lighting and the waiters' trying to serve drinks before the customers find their own way to the bar distract one from literary appreciation. The quotations come frequently from Dickens' "Pickwick," rarely from his *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*. Mr. John Fothergill, the famous autograph-hunter and guest-gourmet, was a pioneer in placing Greek quotations in hotels, but less advanced managements still remain content with extracts from one of the duller Acts of Queen Victoria. A minor but well-established school believes in poker-work warnings to guests that things are liable to go bump in the night.

At the moment there is a drive on to make English hotels more enticing to Americans, who are thought of as experienced customers of the Waldorf-Astoria, demanding iced shaving-water and a staff that grins broadly night and day. Surely, however, the slightest experience of the films would have taught the Board of Trade that there is more than one kind of American. Some need stabling for mustangs, some like to play poker in shirt-sleeves and have no shade on the light, and some get through a lot of bullets and expect a twenty-four-hour gunsmith service. Another point frequently overlooked up top is that guests from the

Sterling Area cannot legally be turned away, at least without bread and cheese; those used to Caravanserais may even wish to cook their own food.

As well as by problematical Americans, hotels are used by motor drivers, who like to feel as free as the wind and touch down just where the spirit lists. This means they cannot book in advance, and when they reach a town and park their car, despite the help of an aged pedestrian in a peaked cap, they have to trudge in and out of hotel foyers over which hangs the inexplicable lack of life that so impressed the discoverers of the *Marie Celeste*. Sometimes there is a little glass window through which you can see knitting lying on a crossword puzzle, sometimes there is nothing but a vague suggestion of soup in the wind. Most motorists have had the bright and economical idea of staying at small village pubs; but either it is opening time, when all hands are at the pumps and no one will talk of anything but drinks, or it is the close season, when all doors are bolted and communication with the outer world is as severed as by the raising of a drawbridge or the consumption of strong opiates.

Hotels are sometimes found in lonely grandeur on the tops of cliffs, though more to be near the golf-course than to be near the view. They also stand at the end of long drives in stately mansions, with proprietors who try to give the impression of belonging to the family that built them. Travellers report that hotels are known in the seedier outposts of the Empire. Anyone who is anyone stays with the Governor or at the Club, and the hotel is given over to the rest. On to the sun-blistered veranda, with its smell of rotting wood, squashed bugs and gin, come the failures. Some have failed by losing the respect of their fellow-Britishers with dud cheques, some by not being British in the first place. The proprietor, often a Levantine, is enormously wealthy; but the guests are usually on their beam-ends, able to afford only vast quantities of hard liquor, continual losses at cards and such equipment as they require for suicide. In the very worst kind there is a phonograph which eternally plays "If You Were the Only Girl in the World."

An important aspect of hotels is reading-matter. This ranges from *Bradshaw* and the *Public Schools Yearbook* to tattered and intermingled magazines under bast-bound tables. George Sand, Mesons, Hunt Balls in Radnorshire, there is no end to the topics one can learn about in an hotel lounge. Sometimes there is a collection of real, stiff-covered books as in second-hand shops, and these have such attractive titles as *The Wee Laird of Auchternethy, Vol. IV*, and *Hints on Etiquette for the Croquet Lawn*. They may not divert much reading time from the magazines, but they give the guests the glow of knowing that they recognize unconscious humour when they see it. I once dragged out an enormous volume from the back of a kind of sideboard at an hotel in Shropshire and found it was a Geological Atlas of China. As the head waiter remarked when I told him, "In the hotel business, sir, one never stops pandering to people's tastes."

R. G. G. PRICE

BACK ROOM JOYS

YIELDING GRACEFULLY

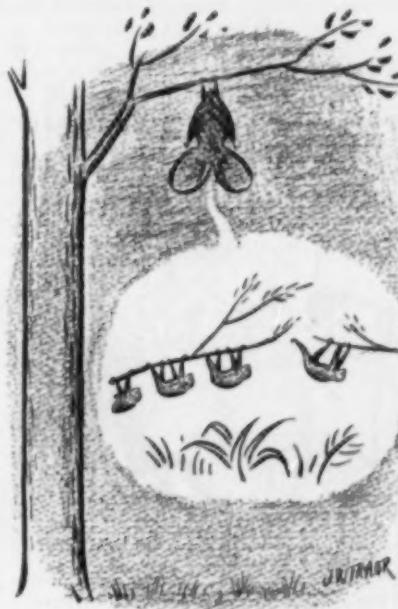
WE are now convinced that the other person is right
(Or alternatively that we have nothing to lose by agreeing).

For a little time we continue the fight,
Enjoying ourselves play-acting and him not seeing;
Then we throw in our hand.

How gracefully,
Putting-ourselves-in-his-place-fully.
Do we nevertheless let him understand
That this is a major concession,
That fair-mindedness is with us an obsession,
That we are not as other folk,
Not blinded by interest, not partisan, like the majority,
Ready to accept Reason's yoke!

Having thus put him in a position of inferiority,
We proceed to further enjoyment
In the wider deployment
Of his own arguments, which of course he can't
contradict.
Till, thoroughly licked,
The man creeps away with a sense of profound
obligation
Leaving us basking in his—and our own—admiration.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



BOOKING OFFICE

A Tale of Two Poets

THE story of the Brownings has been often told, but Miss Frances Winwar brings to its repetition some acceptable virtues. And if *The Immortal Lovers* looks a high-flown title, it is one that the protagonists themselves would have approved. Miss Winwar is a romantic biographer, but Robert and Elizabeth were romantics both—and is not romanticism once more the mode? She refrains, even where Mr. Barrett is concerned, from stirring the muddier waters of psychology, finds no inevitable equation between the abnormal and the pathological, and recognizes in sentimentality a pretty common component of the human make-up. What comes most saliently out of the story, indeed, is Elizabeth's almost astonishing sanity—best evidenced by the quite remarkable truthfulness and vitality of her letters, which give its very life-blood to the comedy. But while, pre-eminently, this is a woman's book about a woman, its author never forgets that it is a tale of two poets, or that the man-poet was the greater.

F. B.

Irish Nobe

It is usually from Eire, where families still come first, that the most memorable portrayals of motherhood emerge. *Mary O'Grady*, a Juno without a Paycock, but with an even more tragic burden of sorrows than falls to the lot of O'Casey's heroine, bears the whole weight of Miss Mary Lavin's



"You are a creature of sudden impulses, prone to seek new experiences on the spur of the moment and very often dropping them equally quickly."

new novel on her comely shoulders. She is undoubtedly "able for it." But although she herself is quite the peak of her creator's achievement, her martyrdom strikes one as adventitious. Her husband is a fine upstanding Dubliner. Their flock of children get all the parents can give them. But Miss Lavin in her rôle of President of the Immortals sends grief after grief; until Mary's family becomes little more than the furnace in which the pure gold of Mary's motherhood is tried.

H. P. B.

An Explorer in the Making

Travel writers tell us what they are like when they are abroad, but rarely what they are like at home. We meet them only when they appear matured and expatriate as they describe worlds once as new to them as to us. Miss Freya Stark's *Traveller's Prelude* shows an explorer growing up. Her upbringing was cosmopolitan and her family life unhappy. The vivid accounts of her very unusual parents and of her wildly varying background give her autobiography the grip and drive of fiction. Miss Stark read in many literatures before she became attracted to Arabic. W. P. Ker, her beloved teacher, wanted her to take up Icelandic and turn her affections north; but she had been brought up in Italy and her dreams sought the farther sun. Although her studies were hindered, and sometimes prevented, by years of domestic overwork, illness and poverty, she eventually fitted herself to explore the desert and to report richly and sensitively what she found.

R. G. O. P.

Gilbert White

A praiseworthy attempt to limn the portrait of one of the most engaging and also many-sided personalities in literature has been made by Mr. Walter S. Scott in *White of Selborne*. But the result of his lavishly detailed studies of the naturalist as undergraduate, Proctor, incumbent of his college living, aspirant to its headship, gardener with a fond eye for melons, and above all one of the most human of good fellows seems as stiffly unconvincing as the contemporary eighteenth-century portrait that heads the book's illustrations, for the style is stilted and clicking with clichés. Nevertheless, for the student of White here is in compact form a copiousness of background information made from time to time, in quoted passages, as refreshingly agreeable as White's own foible for "a thoro' good sort of Damoiselle." The Falcon Press are to be complimented for a well-produced book.

R. C. S.

Books Reviewed Above

The Immortal Lovers. Frances Winwar. (Hamish Hamilton, 15/-)

Mary O'Grady. Mary Lavin. (Michael Joseph, 12/6)

Traveller's Prelude. Freya Stark. (Murray, 18/-)

White of Selborne. Walter S. Scott. (Falcon Press, 15/-)

TIME AND MOTION STUDY

"I'M from the Anglo-American Council on Productivity," he said. "I trust you had our letter?"

"Why, yes," I said, "but haven't you got the wrong address? There's no—er—productivity here. None to speak of. I'm just a writer, a free-lance."

"But you have a workroom, a study!"

"Well, yes, in a way, though I'm afraid you'll find we're terribly upside-down. You see . . ."

"A study, sir, is an office, and an office is but a factory in which the pen is mightier than the saw. Functional efficiency must not be the prerogative of the rolling mill and the weaving-shed."

"Then come into the factory," I said, and I led the way upstairs to a door decorated with a large coloured cut-out of Donald Duck.

"You see, it's a sort of shadow factory," I said.

His eyes quickly swept the room in all directions. Then he walked over to the desk and picked up my paper-weight, a glass thing shaped like a boulder with a model of the Eiffel Tower and a few bubbles inside it.

"This is much too heavy," he said. "You'd do with one about"—he looked me up and down—"about six ounces. Certainly no more."

"I don't want something the children can tamper with."

"Have you a stapling machine?"

"Yes," I said, "but I never use it now. It was ruining my literary style. The temptation to use it was so strong that I used to make all my letters slop over on to a second sheet. My writing became verbose and circumlocutory."

"Why didn't you try stepping up the size of your calligraphy instead?"

"I thought of that, but it would have made my signature easier to forge. Nowadays, when I use more than one sheet of paper I fasten them with an ordinary paper-clip—the one shaped like a trombone."

He wrote "Uses trombone-shaped paper-clips" in a little green book.

"Show me how you use your paper-knife," he said.

"I don't. I steam my letters open."

"Really? Why?"

"Say what you like, but we're still living in the age of steam."

"H'm. By the way, what's that thing?"

"That? Oh, its my 'shammy,' my chamois duster for cleaning the panes of window envelopes."

"Do they mist over or something?"

"Not particularly—why?"

He looked up from the duster and searched my eyes. Then he sat down at my desk.

"I see you're left-handed," he said.

"On the contrary."

"Then why is your ink-bottle on the left of the blotter?"

"I don't know . . . oh, yes, I do: that desk was once my uncle's and he was left-handed. I just haven't bothered to move the ink."

"If I were you," he said, "I should try sitting on the other side of the desk. Now one more question, sir, and we're through. Would you say that you had a filing system?"

"I've no filing cabinet, if that's what you mean, but I manage to keep my papers in good order. You see those book-shelves? Well, the books are in alphabetical order and contain all my business papers. The first book is by Ainsworth—Harrison—and in it you'll find all my correspondence with Allen, Lock and Co.,

my agents, and Ackerman Ltd., the phosphates people."

"Ingenious, very, but I see that you have no authors beginning with —er—P, Q, U, X or Z. Isn't that something of a handicap?"

"Not really," I said. "I'm not a great reader these days."

"Well, thank you, sir," he said. "You've been most helpful. Be sure to get a copy of our report when it comes out."

"Granted," I said.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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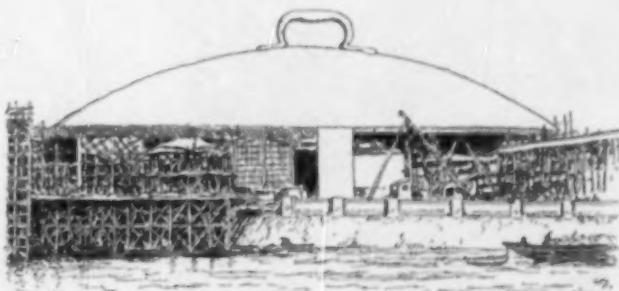
BLUE MOON

Lines inspired by a recent celestial phenomenon

DONKEYS' years have come and gone,
Months of Sundays passed galore,
Christmas has rolled n times
on;

I'm a Dutchman, for I saw
Doomday piled on Kingdom Come,
Grecian Kalends—history;
Plymouth Hoe had heard Drake's
Drum,
Swiss fleets lay at Wigan Quay.

Look at what the cow jumped
over,
Rarer now than ten-leaf clover;
No mere saucers fill the air,
No pink elephants are there—
Only Lunacy is loosed:
Sine die's come to roost!



THE DOME OF DISCOVERY

SITUATION HALF FILLED

MY mother wrote and said she was glad to hear of my new job. Was I looking forward to it? When did I begin? What time would I have to start? What time would I finish? How long would it take me to get there? What time would I have to get up? Was there anywhere near the office where I would be able to get a good hot lunch?

I wrote back and enclosed a time-table.

Then my mother wrote and said that eight o'clock wasn't early enough to get up. I must have a good breakfast every morning and allow myself ten minutes afterwards just to sit quietly. I couldn't hope to be healthy if I started the day half-starved like my cousin Amy. My mother had never known anyone like my cousin Amy who was always ill with something or other. The last time my mother saw her she was going to have a sore throat and the time before that she was bitten by a horsefly right in front of my mother's nose.

Were there any other girls in the office? Did I think I would like them? How old were they? Were

they nice? Perhaps I would make a nice friend. What was the name of the man I would be working for?

I wrote back and said I could tell her more about the staff when I actually started. The man I would be working for was called Brown.

My mother wrote back and said what was Mr. Brown's first name? Where did he live? What did he look like? Was he nice? How tall was he? How old was he? Was he married?

I wrote back and said he was married.

My mother wrote and asked what holidays would I have? When would I get a rise? Was there a pension?

I wrote that I would have two weeks' holiday, I didn't know about a rise and I didn't think there would be a pension.

My mother wrote that I must insist on a pension. I couldn't live without a pension. The firm would respect me if I showed I had a high regard for my capabilities. I was far too ready to take the line of least resistance and she was alarmingly reminded of my father's cousin

Alfred. She had never met Alfred, but he was the one who had a weak face in knickerbockers in the photograph that my father always tried to show people unless she headed him off. Alfred grew prize marrows and my mother was sick to death of them. Plenty of people on her side of the family had done things to be proud of and she never wanted to meet Alfred as long as she lived. His eyes were too close together. I must make it quite clear before I started that I had to have a pension.

I wrote and said there was a pension.

My mother wrote and said there wasn't. She knew there wasn't. Had I forgotten that our house was on a fifty-nine year lease and that when it was up I would be seventy-four? What did I think I was going to do then? Answer her that if I could.

It wasn't as if my father were wealthy and could leave me thousands because he wasn't and he couldn't and he probably couldn't even if he could because if he could there'd be taxes and death duties and that would be that. Wouldn't it?

I wrote and said it would.



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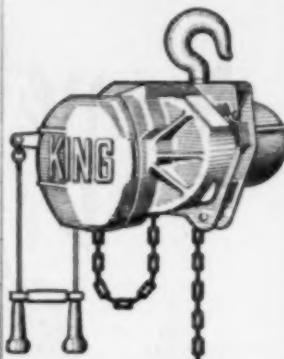
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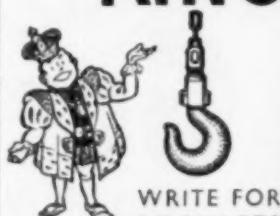
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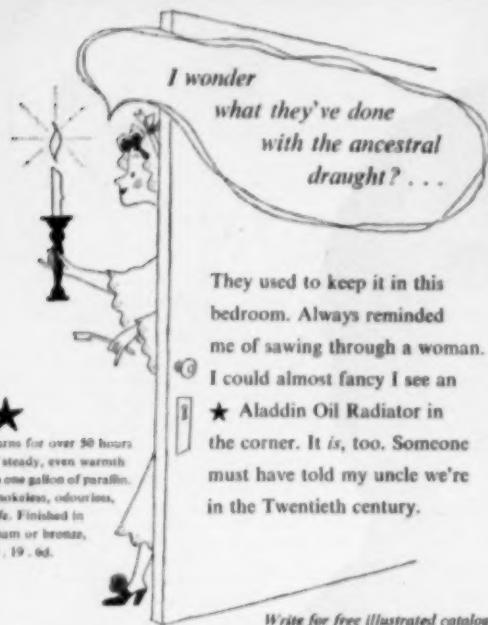


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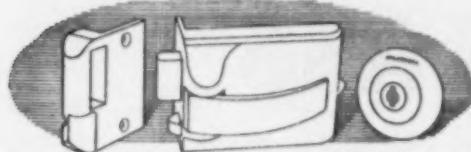
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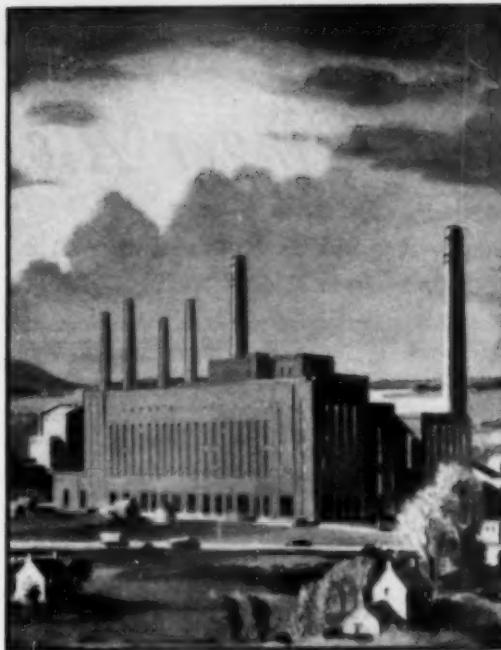
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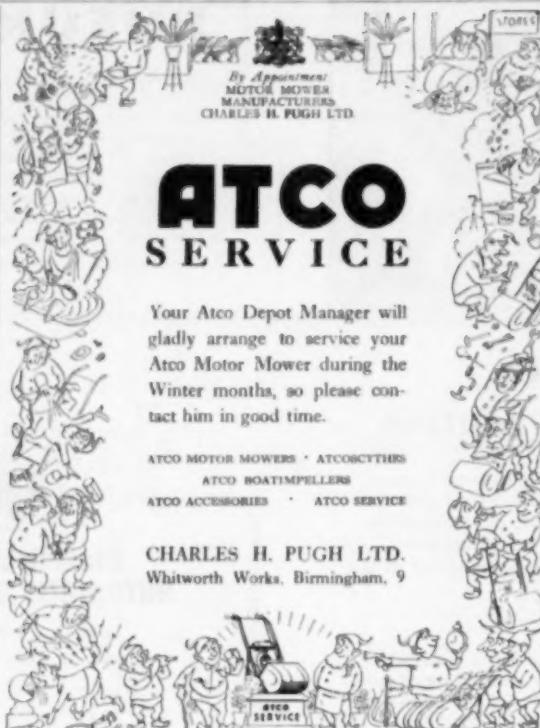
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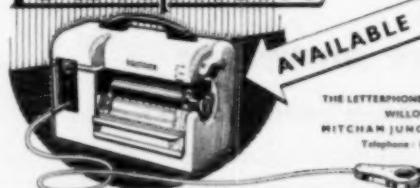
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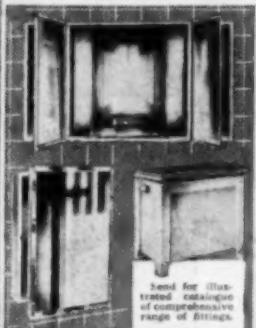
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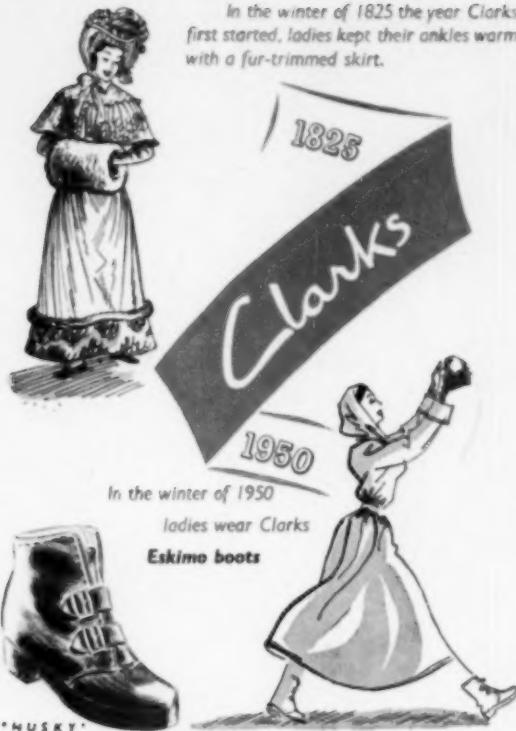
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